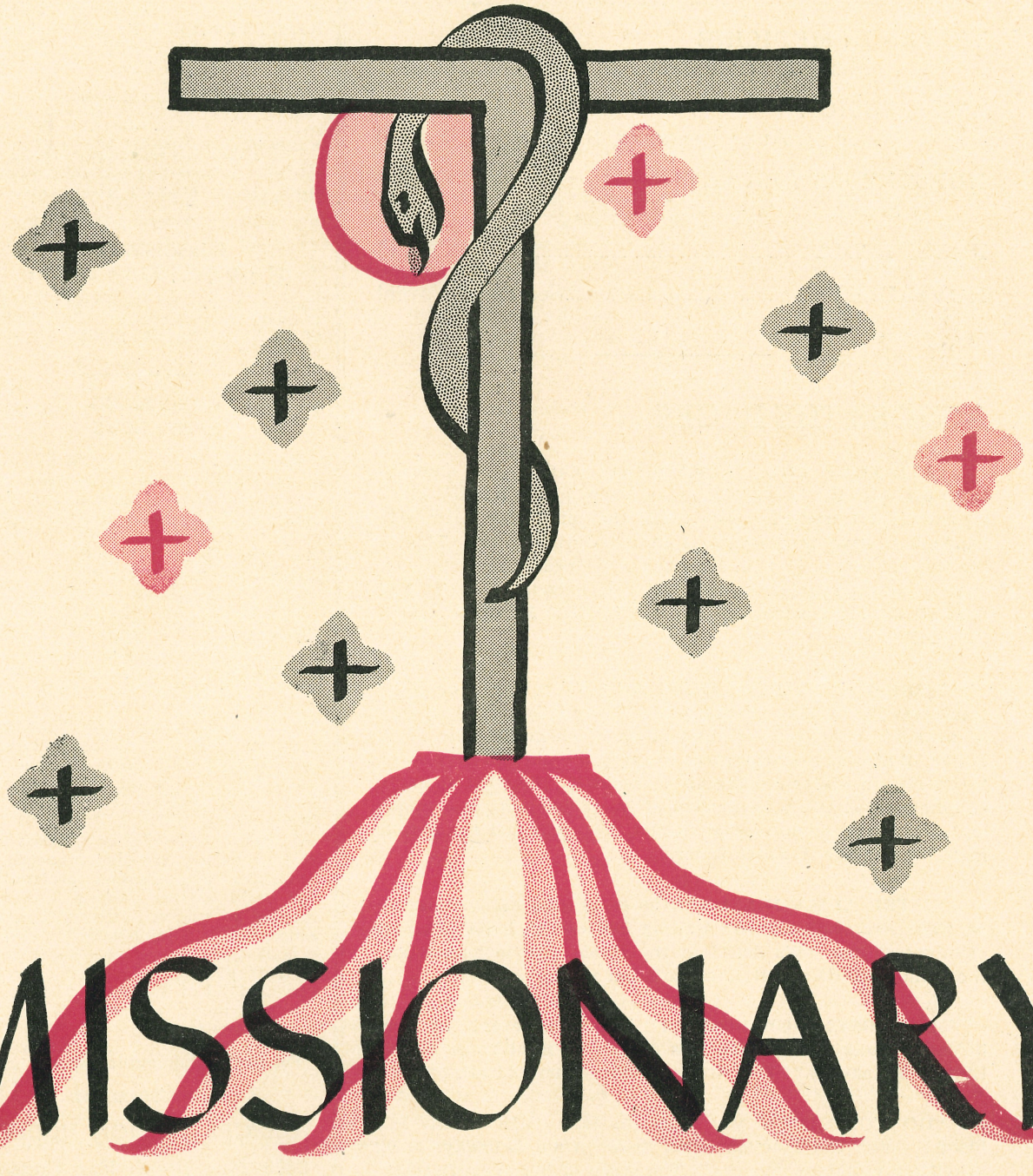
The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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"ALL THEY FROM SABA SHALL COME . . . showing forth praise to the Lord." The art of the people in mission lands —done in a Christ-like way—with the mind and heart and hands God gave them—that is native Christian art. This is the theme which Sister M. Joan has developed in her article on "native art in mission lands." Sister is herself an artist and does all the art work which appears in THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO Ville Marie, or Montreal, was just a little mission post. Today it is a "mighty city of over 1,200,000 souls—three-fourths of them Catholic . . ." It has "sent sons and daughters to carry the faith to fifty-seven territories in sixteen different countries." Montreal fittingly commemorated the tercentenary of its foundation in a unique and most impressive mission exhibit. You will find the details in "Three Hundred Years Later."

SISTER ALMA JULIA sent us some information recently on "The Art of Dying and Getting Buried" in India! She recounts just how "it's done" in the Hindu, the Mohammedan, the Sikh, and, of course, the Christian way.

A "NURSERY ON DISPLAY" is quite an event—at least in some places! Don't miss this chance to meet some of our tiniest "Patna-ites." You will love them—one and all.

"DO YOU MEAN you want to take OUR blood—MY blood?"—was the reaction when Sister Alma Lalinsky, M.D., asked for volunteer "donors." The story of her "negotiations" with a "regular battalion" of relatives is told in "Transfusion."

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. LOYOLA, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

Sister Superior

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE

8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase
Philadelphia, Pa.

"In My Father's House There Are Many Mansions"

by

SISTER M. JOAN, *S.C.M.M.*

To most American Catholics our own Christian art means very little. Beyond the faint realization that missions and missionaries must be supported, to them the real business about missions and missionaries means very little. No small wonder then, that the art of the missions, or native Christian art—the creative work of the "new shoots" on the Christ-vine of which we are the branches—is but meagerly understood. Yet the Pope wants all of us to pray this month that the native art of the mission lands, not the imported American or European art, may be promoted to interpret the Catholic religion. The Pope wants prayer. We shall pray, and we want to grasp the significance of the intention, so that we may pray all the more fervently.

Every creative artist, like all other men, is an artisan in that wonderful workshop of Almighty God, which we call the universe. This real masterpiece reveals a tiny glimpse of the infinite splendor of its Maker—but many times its riches are hidden and veiled. To bring to light the divine traits and ideas present in all that is—is the beginning of art and the business of God's artisans—the artists.

God is a good Boss—the best one that can be found. He gave His apprentices life—natural life with a mind and a will to know and love Him and to be a little like Him—a mind to think out the job that must be done—eyes and ears and hands to do.

The artist must use all he has to interpret everything in the whole shop. To let the face of God shine through he must speak of the silent majestic splendor of the lifeless as well as of the dynamic—those things turbulent with life and full of vitality—weak reflections of the never-resting fullness of the ACTUS PURUS—God Himself. "The waters saw thee, O God; the waters saw Thee, and they were afraid and the depths were troubled."

God is the best Boss, and He has given some of His artisans, and wants to give to all of them, a supernatural life—a God-life that makes them still more like Himself, so much so that the little apprentice becomes His real son, who calls the Boss his Father and Christ his Brother.

Art, then, is work done well, in a Christ-like way, using and respecting the things our Father gives us, that is, materials and tools, our own hands and our heads, in order that the thing be made as it should be made, as the Boss of the shop would have it.

In the case of religious art this does not mean the mixing of a load of emotions, swooning, sweetness and ecstasies together, to stir those ingredients into a corrupted concoction of what should not be called art. The artist, being God's apprentice, must not only "adore Him in spirit and in truth" but must work for Him in the same manner—for a "kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." Art is that work done well with the love of God in the heart—that true inspiration or creative emotion by which the artist expresses himself—his own God-given spiritual substance—by which he works just as his "heavenly Father works until now."

On true inspiration Jacques Maritain remarks: "Inspiration does not require that the artist should wish to 'look Christian'—it is not that he is trying to move those who see his work with the sweet sentiments, the langors or the simperings which he conceives to be suitable to the spirit of the saints and which are really the opposite. It is rather that he is himself a Christian and that he participates existentially in the love taught in the Gospels."

Art is that work done well for the service of the "brethren"—to lift up what has fallen—to make clear with the "Lumen Christi" that which is dim and hazy—to infuse with life, the Christ-life, those tired spirits that they may glance upwards and see God. "Lord, show us the Father and it is enough for us. All this is the business of God's sons—the Christian artists.

And what about the missionaries? They are simply sent by Christ to bring Him to others—Him and everything He stands for. They must be unselfish, Christ-filled vessels to let all others share of His great plentitude. From hearts filled with Christ a violent torrent of charity will burst forth—for Christ's riches are far too great and beautiful to be reserved for self alone. They

must be distributed to all the world—a sorry world full of poor, oppressed people. "That the love wherewith Thou, Father, hast loved me may be in them and I in them."

Missionaries leave "house or parents or brothers or wife or children for the sake of the Kingdom of God"—not to imperialistically impose self or western ideas and barbaric civilization on a pagan people, but to bring to them a selfless Christ, the thoughts of whose heart are to all generations. The Kingdom of God is a Catholic, universal, international or rather supra-national community of all the peoples in the world, held together by charity which "seeketh not her own."

Missionary is not synonymous with colonist. Many of the latter, glorying in themselves and their idols, land on a foreign shore and westernize the people they find. The giving they do is often in order to be able to take more, that greater glory may be given to the colonist and to his idols.

A good missionary, glorying in God, finds pagans—Christianizes the people which God has given him—that more glory may be given to Him Whom he preaches —for every new Christian will live Christ and spread Christ.

The former Apostolic Delegate to China—Archbishop Celso Costantini—remarks: "The Church does not seek to dominate, but rather to serve the people to whom she ministers. She offers them her inexhaustible charity to redeem them from sin and from the many miseries which are the consequences of sin. She does not seek to impose herself as a foreign power, but rather to embrace in the bosom of the Catholic fraternity all the races that come to her, without de-nationalizing any one of them, or in any case, without condemning anything that is good in the national character of any one of them."

If missionaries themselves really try to be other Christs and make people in pagan lands Christ-like, there will be enkindled in Africa and the Orient and all over the world fires of charity. Fountains of living waters springing up into life everlasting will gush forth.

And Christian art cannot but start to interpret, to enlighten, to thank and to adore. "All they from Saba shall come bringing gold and frankincense and showing forth praise to the Lord." Oriental or African apprentices have received from the Boss an Oriental or African mind to think, a will to love and Oriental or African hands to do. They, like good artisans of God, must use the things He gave them. "And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good."

But the Father has given the Oriental and African son and each of us the same supernatural life, and if the Oriental or negro lives this life like a real Christian, another Christ, nobody needs to worry about the art work being done in the Oriental or African way. It will be also Christian—Christ-like—sacred.

"And thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren," said Christ to St. Peter and to every missionary. To confirm the new Christians means to make their spirits strong and healthy — to bring out the best in them so that in turn they may become missionaries among their own.

Native Christian art in pagan lands, instead of imported western art, besides being Christ-willed and the right idea—will also prove to be a great aid in spreading the faith.

"In my Father's house there are many mansions"—with many different inhabitants. Though not all their voices sound alike, yet they all proclaim the same truth —everyone with the pitch and tone and timbre God gave him. Voices in music, in building, in painting, and in sculpture—Indian, Chinese, African, Japanese, and western voices—all blend together into a harmonious song—a beautiful song to our God.

Holy Father, we shall pray.

—Sister M. Joan, S.C.M.M.

Have mercy upon us, O God of all, and behold us, and show us the light of Thy mercies. Send Thy fear upon the nations that have not sought after Thee—that they may know that there is no God beside Thee and that they may show forth Thy wonders.—From the Epistle of the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith.

OUR COVER DESIGN

Our cover design is a pen-drawing: The "tau-cross" and serpent are a symbolic representation of medicine—Divine medicine.

When Moses and his people, wandering through the desert, fell sick, God commanded the leader of the Jews to make a brazen serpent. Every sick Jew who looked up to it was healed.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up from the earth, and He shall draw all things to Himself," Christ said.

In the New Testament the "brazen serpent" symbolizes Christ, to Whom we must look in order to become whole. If we do this, we share in the grace flowing down from the cross, and we will be healthy and happy children of God.

The little crosses in the background, besides completing the design, signify those who, in a special way, sacrifice their lives to help bring others under the wonderful care of Christ, the Healer.

The Art of Dying And Getting Buried

by

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

"Oh Lawd, if ah thought ah was going to die tomorrow ah'd be gitting religion like Sistah heah" —those were Dessy's sentiments.

It happened very many years ago, and it happened like this. Corrine and Dessy and I were walking through the campus with our pharmacy books under our arms, when out of one of my books fell a "Bona Mors" card, a souvenir of the Happy Death Society. Corrine picked it up and examined it.

"A happy death! What a contradiction in terms!"

Corrine was my first contact with the hard-boiled materialist who believed in nothing—so she said—and whose philosophy of life was something about "getting all you can out of life because when you're dead you're dead," etc.

"How could death possibly be happy?" Corrine asked—or stated.

Now having been born and educated in the Catholic Church I never dreamed of questioning the appropriateness of the words — happy death. In fact everyone in the circles in which I moved belonged to the "Bona Mors," just as everyone belonged to the Apostleship of Prayer and the sodalities and similar organizations. We not only belonged to the Church, but we took advantage of all the trimmings. It was all so simple that I was at a loss for a minute to explain what it was all about.

"Why—why a happy death—it just means dying in the state of grace, dying a friend of God, you know, so that you will go to heaven afterwards. Maybe you will have a short stay in purgatory to get rid of the dross, but you know you will finally reach God . . ." I stumbled on a little.

"Humph, if I were to die tomorrow I suppose I would be playing hide-and-seek with the devils around the furnace," Corrine laughed—a cynical laugh.

"Oh Lawd, if ah thought ah was going to die tomorrow ah'd be gitting religion like sistah heah"—that from Dessy.

Dessy was colored and probably sang in the Methodist Church (She had a lovely voice.), and she made the third of our trio. A queer trio it was, but unavoidable, as we happened to be about the only women in a large class of pharmacy students. I am sure that Dessy "had religion," though hers was not nearly so comforting as mine. Very likely she heard plenty about God and heaven and hell, with emphasis on the latter—but I doubt whether she knew a sweet Mother Mary leaning over a crib and a St. Joseph who would worry about your financial troubles and a Sacred Heart, who was all love.

Being brought up, as I mentioned before, with the idea that Sister Death is a friend of the family who is expected to lead you across the threshold of time into eternity, somehow her name held no terrors for me. True, I had sisters and brothers already in heaven, but that was looked upon as an asset. Many a time I traded in on my relationship with those above, and if I had to send a frantic S.O.S. heavenwards, I would include the little sisters and brothers with the rest of the litany of the saints I was invoking, feeling that a little "family pull" might get me what the rest of the litany might fail to obtain.

The years went on. I saw death many times in "plague, famine and war," or to be more exact, in "epidemics, accidents and war." Living in hospitals most of my life, I saw varieties of deaths — sudden deaths, sad deaths, slow deaths, and happy deaths.

And after death the undertaker is called—and you know the rest of the procedure—a la U.S.A.

But now we cross to India—and here in India many of us expect to die. There is a minor query: "Of what will I die?"—and a major query: "How will I get buried?" We will attack the first question: "How will I die?"

To make your biography more interesting you should die of something different or exciting. Having been properly innoculated for this and that, I should escape cholera, typhoid, and smallpox (common causes of death to the natives). Being under good medical care I shall quite likely survive malaria and dysentery. I might die in a traffic accident—but that would sound so commonplace back home. More than once, cycling down the road with a herd of buffaloes on one side and a string of army trucks careening along on the other, I have said to myself, "Watch your step, Sister Alma Julia. What would the folks back home think if you were killed in a street accident!" You see, dying of a cobra bite would be much more thrilling and would look much better in the headlines. And to die of old age would be perfect-

ly hopeless.

But let us get on to the funeral. The person is dead—you or me or someone else. Do we call the undertaker? No, that institution is unknown here. Usually, you will be disposed of the same day—the sooner the better—especially in the hot weather. Now this may be done in any one of four different ways.

If you are a Hindu, your body is wrapped in a new cloth, laid on a wooden bier and carried to the burning ghat. Someone responsible has hurried ahead and made arrangements for wood for the burning and other necessities. As we have no sacred river near here, the bodies are burned in a space near the Hindu temples, according to the Hindu ceremonies. Some wonder whether the body is really burned. In the only case where I examined the ground afterwards I saw only the outlines of the skeleton left—all in ashes.

If you are a Mussalman you are buried. A hole the proper size is dug a few feet down in the ground. This is lined with bricks; the body is placed in the opening, and a large slab of stone covers the lined sides. All is well cemented over.

"We do not bury our dead in coffins of wood as you Christians do," an old Mussalman told me. "We make a coffin of brick or stone." As Mohammedanism is a combination of the Jewish and Christian religions, diluted and adapted and reshaped to suit its founder, naturally the general idea is the same as ours—to preserve the body for the day of resurrection.

The Parsees, of whom there are not very many in this section of India, place the dead body on the top of a pillar, or a sort of tower, to be eaten by vultures. They think that is nicer than being eaten by worms, I suppose.

The Sikhs burn their dead, as do the Hindus. One day I watched a Sikh funeral — the first part, as they took the body from the hospital morgue to carry it to the burning ghat. The body was wrapped in colored silks and laid on the bier. Friends and relatives stood around while one man said the prayers to which the rest responded. At one point all stooped and took some earth in their fingers and touched it to their heads. Later I inquired from a Sikh man —"Bulwant Singh, why did the people touch their heads with the dust and what did they say?"

"They said 'salaam' to God," he answered.

"Is that all?"

"Well, they meant they were one with the earth"—he seemed to be trying to find the English explanation.

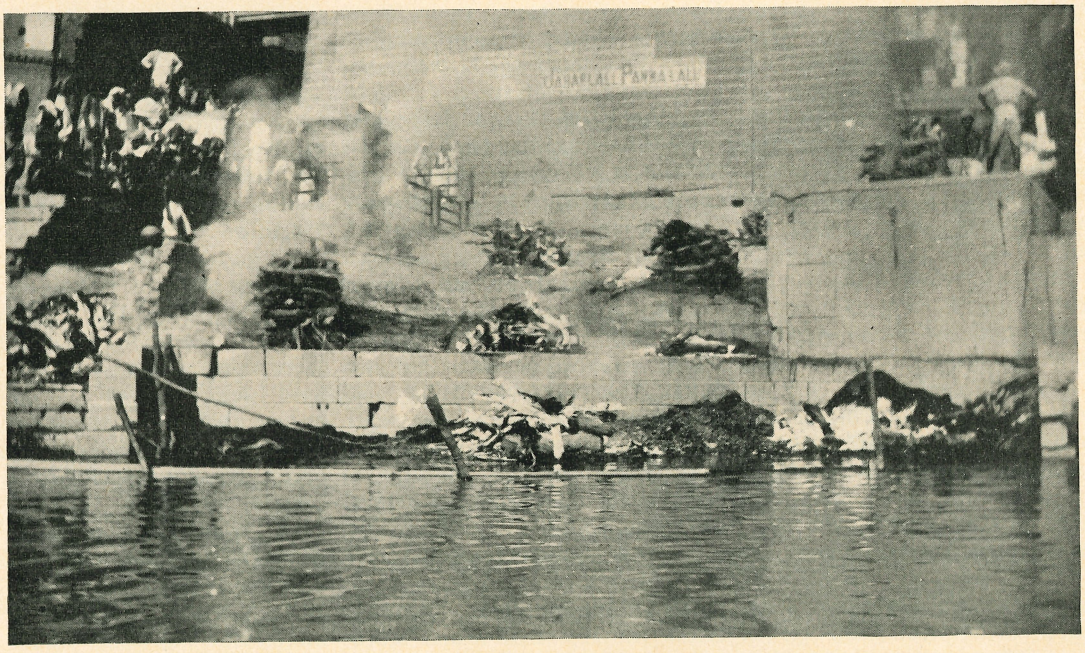
"Like we Christians say, 'Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return'?"

"That's it," he said. "The same idea."

Then there are the Christian burials. I shall skip the Europeans, as they do pretty much as at home, except the coffin must be made in a hurry as the occasion arises, and the corpse buried at once on account of no undertakers —and the heat. But the Indian Christians, in this section at least, are usually too poor to afford a coffin. The corpse is wrapped in new cloth if possible, and a hole is dug in the ground, just the size needed for the body. Then it is laid in the arms of Mother Earth, sort of literally, so it seems. A large slab of stone is laid over the opening, and all is covered over very carefully into a smooth mound.

"Why even the slab of stone?"

(Continued on page 141)



Funeral pyres on a Hindu burning ghat along the Ganges

Three Hundred Years Later - -

by

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"In 1642, who could have believed that three hundred years later the little mission post—Montreal—would be a mighty city of over 1,200,000 souls—three-fourths of them Catholic—that by then it would have sent sons and daughters to carry the faith to fifty-seven different territories in sixteen different countries."

A mission exhibit, you may think, is something thrilling for the folk behind the lines, but you are mistaken. A mission exhibit to a missionary is even more thrilling than to you—especially such a one as was held during the last three weeks of September on the occasion of the tercentenary of the foundation of Ville Marie—as the city of Montreal was called in its cradle. It required very little coaxing on the part of a kind friend to make me accept the invitation to "come and see." The very first day after my arrival we wended our way in a taxi (My friend thinks missionaries should save their energy to climb Mt. Everest!) up and up to the Oratory of St. Joseph. From the terrace fronting it, a most enjoyable panorama unfolds itself. Against the blue-lake expanse of the St. Lawrence which gleams in the distance, rise the stately buildings and parks of the city enhanced by many trees in their rich autumn colors.

In 1642 who could have believed that three hundred years later the little mission post would be a mighty city of over 1,200,000 souls —three-fourths of them Catholic— that by then it would have sent sons and daughters to carry the faith to fifty-seven territories in sixteen different countries. It was precisely the evidence of the latter that we were to see at the exhibit. As the crypt is still in use, the interior of the main body of the Oratory—as yet awaiting completion—provided an ideal and spacious setting. On entering I was at once impressed with the magnitude of it all. Under the cupola a globe, 100 feet in circumference, was in constant rotation, so that the inscription—"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations"—was visible from every corner of the hall.

From this central theme radiated the exhibits of the missionary enterprises of Canada. The place of honor in the vast amphitheatre was devoted to that unique and most apostolic group of about forty men and women—mostly lay —who in the chill of an early morning in February, 1642 knelt before the altar of Our Lady in the Church of Notre Dame of Paris—there to dedicate themselves to a thoroughly missionary task. It was to labor at the conversion of the savages of "La Nouvelle France" and to gather a goodly number of them on the island of Montreal. They planned to build them houses, to till the soil to feed them, to establish seminaries to teach them and to erect a hospital to take care of the sick. A perfect missionary plan it was—conceived and realized by laymen—French men and women who did not count the cost.

With eyes and hands upraised they—the missionaries—look to you and with them both their faithful and those others too, who have yet to hear the Shepherd's voice while they wander and sit in the shadow of death, knowing nothing of Him Who has redeemed them and Who has promised them eternal life and peace . . . With the greatest esteem and a special love both for our dear missionaries, who, in spite of the present upheaval, endeavor to spread the Kingdom of Christ, and for the faithful, who, with most praiseworthy g e n e r o s i t y and unflagging zeal, help the missions, We beg God to bless their labors and to fill them with peace and joy. With all Our heart We bless them. — Blessing given by the Holy Father on Mission Sunday.

In the life of each and every one of them selflessness shines out. The main figures are represented — Monsieur de la Dauversiere, the father of a family of six children who, in a vision, was told to found a community of hospital sisters specifically for work on the island of Montreal — Maisonneuve, the young man of twenty-nine, ready to leave all near and dear to him, later to assume the heavy burden of governor—the first Jesuits and Monsieur Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians who played such a great part in the development of Canada. There was Jeanne Mance, the missionary lay nurse who opened the famous Hotel Dieu in 1644 to pave the way for the Hospitalers, three of whom joined her fifteen years later. Marguerite Bourgeoys, who opened the first school in 1658— and Jeanne Le Ber, the recluse, who by her prayers bedewed the manifold activities of the new colony.

"By their fruits you shall know them"—the forty booths grouped around the Oratory were ample testimony of the good foundation laid by the pioneers who conceived Montreal as a mission ideal and founded it with the aim of making it a Christian city. We admired the ingenuity of the booths—each

a monument in itself—representing the architecture of the country where the missionaries worked. We gathered information and inspiration wherever it was possible. All around the language heard was French, which is not surprising when one considers that of Montreal's 800,000 Catholics all but 82,768 are French Canadians. It was interesting to hear that the Jesuits entered Canada as early as 1611, and that Franciscan friars were the first to sail up the St. Lawrence. The Capuchins have the honor of having converted the Micmacs, the first tribe of North American Indians to become Christians. The Holy Cross, when still in its infancy, sent over its pioneers in 1842—the Oblates in 1841. They covered Canada from ocean to ocean, even venturing to the ice-bound regions of the Arctic—the hardest mission field in the world. There were also the White Fathers who, since their establishment in Canada, have given some 226 priests to Africa—the Dominican Fathers who labor in Japan — the Redemptorists, famed for their Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, who have missions in Annam, Indo-China—and the Christian Brothers with ninety-seven establishments in Canada, Japan and Manchuria. Altogether there are fifteen communities of priests, six of brothers, and twenty-two of sisters, who labor in foreign missions. The last figure speaks well for the so-called "weak sex!"

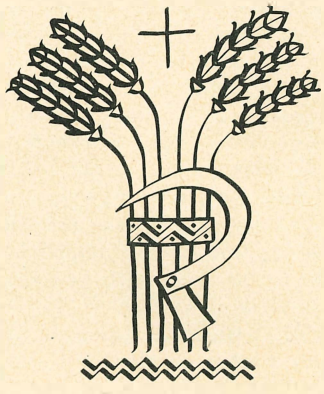
The blue sash of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, a Canadian foundation of 1902, contrasted with the conventional black of the Hospitalers — the oldest **missionary** community of hospital sisters—and the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, who are celebrating the centenary of their arrival in India this year. I met Holy Cross Sisters, who are neighbors of ours in Chittagong, Burma, and Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who have sent over 1,000 Canadian sisters to the missions. We also stopped at the booth of the Congregation of Notre Dame, where we marveled at their expansion in Canada and learned that they also have a mission in Japan. Two other great Canadian missionary congregations are the Grey Nuns—a community founded in 1737, which has established missions as far as the Hudson Bay region, and the Sisters of Providence who came into existence in 1842 and have works of charity from the east to Alaska. In Montreal the latter conduct, among other works, a mental hospital with seven thousand inmates taken care of by over four hundred nuns and their assistants. Tranquility of order permeates every department — which is saying a great deal for the type and size of the institution. The latest foundation and towards which we have a special sisterly feeling, is the society of lay mission nurses recently established by Mademoiselle Lefevre under the auspices of Monsignor La Rochelle, the Superior General of the Canadian Foreign Mission Society.

It is not possible to enumerate all the communities or to give details. We were not even able to approach all the booths — the crowds of visitors were so great. And it was just this surging mass of young and old—of lay and religious—all eager—all interested—that was the most thrilling part for me. It reminded me of the mission exhibit at the Eucharistic Congress in Ireland and of the recent one in Springfield, Massachusetts. One could feel the faith, the thorough Catholicity of the people. It was written on their faces. This crowd of Catholic fathers, mothers, and children—priests, brothers, and sisters — moving about from booth to booth —listening, looking, asking questions—inspired me with confidence. They were not suffering from the deadly disease of indifferentism—you could see that they took part and were part of the gigantic mission effort.

To the casual observer this magnificent mission achievement of three million French-Canadians must be an enigma. To me it was not. The secret of it—to my mind —is the good Catholic family—happily still common among the descendants of the staunch French pioneers of three hundred years ago.

No wonder that the Catholic Canadians are so concerned about the preservation of family life. They know that their eternal destiny, their happiness, their glory as missionaries depends on it. I count it my privilege to have mingled with the crowd of visitors —to have breathed the atmosphere of this mission event—to have met missionaries from the four corners of the globe—and to have received the blessing of His Eminence, Cardinal Villeneuve—"une bénédiction toute spéciale"—as he said.

If millions can be found to prate that the state is everything and the individual nothing, there must be more millions to teach all men that without the Fatherhood of God there can be no brotherhood of man . . . Two thousand years ago Jesus Christ, Our Lord, asked us to spread over the earth the revealed idea of the holiness of man. Yet two-thirds of humanity have not yet heard the news. Most of the other third have only a vague conception of it. Why? Because too few human beings have been going out over the earth to sing the song of the sacred worth of the individual. This is a person-to-person job. There is no substitute. Men are needed, millions of them, to roam the earth to teach, by word and deed, the holiness of man. Then, and not until then, will come the lasting peace that the common Father of all mankind would have all men enjoy. — Maryknoll Magazine



SPIRITUS CARICATIS

Women in Medicine

by

A Medical Missionary

Scarcely half a century had passed since the muskets of the Concord minute-men had sounded the rallying call for colonial independence, when here and there, in Europe and America, women were beginning to wake up to the fact that they too had a long and hard struggle ahead of them. Though they were not to shoulder any muskets in a fight for political freedom, they would nevertheless arm themselves with courage and the ideals of justice and charity. They would engage in quite a different sort of battle—in a fight for the intellectual freedom which they were determined should be theirs in the modern world.

But in spite of the lethargy into which women seem to have been immersed in the three centuries prior to this new revolutionary era, there were some who did succeed in practicing medicine. Though they could not study at the well-known institutions, some of them could and did study with private physicians or at private schools where they learned enough so that they were able to do as much good in their communities as the men who attended the universities.

In England a certain Lady Willoughby studied medicine with her father. During the years of the civil wars medical men were scarce and the help she gave was welcomed and appreciated. A Lady Katherine Neville is said to have "spent large sums each year in quietly ministering to the sick"—while Elizabeth Bury is recorded as being a "great scholar of anatomy" who never neglected anyone who was ill.

Quite out of step with the "femininity" of the age was the courage of a famous medical woman of Scotland—Lady Anne Halkett. She must have been made of the same sort of stuff as the "Physicienne Hersend" of the Crusades — for she served as a surgeon in the royal army at the battle of Dunfermlene and at others. In one evening, she tells us, she dressed some three-score wounded soldiers. Biographers have called her the "Florence Nightingale of her time"—but she was not only a nurse, but an obstetrician, an army surgeon and a general practitioner as well. In her own autobiography she describes some five years of her life during which she was attending sick and wounded men, women dying from cancer and children ill with fever. Even while a prisoner at Newcastle she kept a small dispensary and treated every sort of ailing person. One cannot help wondering why she was imprisoned. Very likely her loyalty to "Bonny Prince Charlie" had sent her there—but it did not prevent her from administering to all — political enemies included.

In France the important work of the medical women lay in obstetrics. To Louise Bourgeois is due the credit for some real scientific progress in this field. It has been stated that if the petition of the midwives of France had been granted, asking that she give them a public course in obstetrics, the whole conduct of higher education for women in medicine might have been altered. But the Paris Faculty of Medicine was too much occupied with the quarrels of doctors, barbers, and surgeons to pay any attention to this request—so it was left unheeded.

Though in Germany there seems to have been no apparent feeling that women had not sufficient brains for intellectual work, nevertheless, the general attitude was that, regardless of her intelligence, the proper place for the woman was in the home and her chief duty was to raise up children. Only one woman obtained a full medical degree in Germany during this time — Dorothea Christina Leporin-Erxleben. As a child she was sickly and unable to study with other girls, but she enjoyed listening while her father, a doctor, gave lessons to her brother. When Frederick the Great visited her na-

tive town, she appealed to him for permission to matriculate at the university. The request was granted, and some years later, amidst a great furor, she received her medical diploma from the King himself.

But all these women were quite the exception. By the end of the eighteenth century we find that most women were so busy cultivating their towering pompadours and wasp-like waists and learning how to swoon and blush at the proper time, that it took a real revolution to free them from their virtual slavery.

Now if the revival of learning and medical practice for women was to amount to anything, it had to be guided by the old Christian principles of justice and charity—principles which had gradually become less and less apparent in the midst of the egoism and common usage of the day. Though the anti-slavery and suffragist movements considered themselves to be something new and even superior to the Catholic Church, they were in reality nothing else than a return to the principles of the dignity of man and woman which must flourish wherever the Catholic faith is truly understood and accepted. The status of the woman physician found its highest justification in a religious sense—in Christian charity. And, fortunately, the pioneers in the revival of medical practice for women were animated by this ideal.

Before 1847 it was literally impossible for a woman to gain admission to any medical school in this country or in England. About the year 1845 Elizabeth Blackwell became acquainted with a woman who was dying of cancer. Out of compassion for her she determined to study medicine so that she might relieve the suffering of those in similar circumstances. Though her friends assured her that no medical school in the country would open its doors to her, she remained firm in her purpose, and after applying to twelve of the best medical schools then in existence she was accepted at the college in Geneva, N. Y., where she received her diploma in 1849.

A description of her graduation is amusing. She wore a black brocaded silk dress, green gloves and black silk stockings. No doubt the dress was long and voluminous and well-fitted over a spreading hoop-skirt and the inevitable bustle. All the ladies of the town turned out to see this remarkable woman receive—of all things—a medical diploma! They elbowed each other in the galleries, while the men spilled over into the aisles. It was indeed a novel occurrence for a woman to receive a medical degree!

But thanks to her own efforts and the progressive spirit of the women of her time—it did not remain a novelty for long. Emily Blackwell followed closely in her sister's footsteps. A dispensary, started by Dr. Blackwell in the slums of New York, grew into an infirmary and was later affiliated with a medical college for women.

Though the women of England had not made such rapid strides as those of America, in Edinburgh there was a very active group attending the University. Known as the "fighting seven"—they managed to struggle their way through to a medical degree. Later two of them collaborated with Elizabeth Blackwell in founding the London School of Medicine for Women. This school, still in existence, was attached to the Royal Free Hospital and was permitted to grant such degrees as were required for the British Registry.

No account of the early struggles of the medical women of America would be complete without mention of Ann Preston of Philadelphia. From the portrait of the meek-looking, kindly-eyed little woman which hangs in the hall of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, one would hardly surmise that here is the person who was responsible for the establishment of this widely renowned school. But facts are facts. When Ann Preston, for some reason or other, was not satisfied with the school she was already attending, she began to look around for able and broadminded men who might form a liberal college to which she and other women might be admitted. Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, Dr. Joseph S. Longshore and four other physicians opened a medical school for women on Arch Street in October, 1850. At once no less than forty women were admitted—eight of these graduated in 1852.

Much more could be said about the work of these medical pioneers in the United States and in Europe. Elizabeth Blackwell's influence on the progress of preventive medicine—Maria Zakrzewska's hospital and training school for nurses in Boston—Mary Putnam Jacobi's contributions to medical education —Emmaline Cleveland's advancements in surgery—these are but a few of the "highlights" of the period. While so much was being accomplished in the home countries, medical women were turning their eyes to other lands—to new horizons where they could relieve the suffering of the less fortunate women of mission countries. As early as 1869 Dr. Clara Swain sailed for India as a medical missionary. Many others followed her—not only to India, but to Africa, China, Japan and other countries as well.

These women were Protestant. Though the Church remained ever solicitous for the sick and suffering, due to the abuses which had crept in in the course of time, priests and religious were not allowed to practice medicine. Of course dispensations could be obtained—but the fact was that, while there were many lay doctors in the home countries, mission lands suffered a serious disadvantage. The bishops and prefects apostolic of the mission districts tried to devise ways and means to remedy the situation, but as long as religious—who comprised practically all the missionaries—could not practice medicine, their efforts availed but little.

The issue was definitely brought to the front through the efforts of a woman doctor—a Scotch convert—Dr. Agnes McLaren. When she realized

that it was due to this prohibition that she was unable to procure sisters who could take over the complete charge of the hospital for women and children which she had established in Rawalpindi, India, she literally besiged Rome with letters, personal visits and requests that religious be permitted to study and practice medicine in all its branches—including surgery and obstetrics. While the mission prelates watched with keen interest to see the outcome of her efforts—she herself traveled five times in the course of three years to Rome to lay her petitions before the Holy Father and influential ecclesiastics. But the time was not yet ripe—she did not live to see her petition granted.

Yet the seeds which she had sown and watered by her tireless zeal and efforts did bud and grow nearly a quarter of a century later. The Catholic Church has behind her the wisdom of the ages. When she forbade religious to practice medicine she had her reasons. But just as the good of her children is the great aspiration of a good mother, so too it is the desire of the Church to provide for the needs of her own in the varying conditions of time and circumstance. Cardinals, bishops and other ecclesiastics studied and considered; the Holy Father was approached for the necessary faculties; the regulations of the Sacred Congregation for Religious were observed — and then — then came a new decree! On February 11, 1936, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide informed Catholics all over the world that it "would like to see new religious institutes for women founded who will dedicate themselves principally to health work" . . . . and that "the sisters should obtain certificates as doctors or nurses . . ."

The restrictions and prejudices that confronted the medical women in the early 1850's are now a thing of the past. Of the seventy-seven approved medical schools in our country, all but six accept women students, although in limited numbers — registering altogether a total of more than 1,164 women. In hospitals, dispensaries and private and public offices all over the country some 7,500 women doctors are serving their fellowmen. With so many doctors in the armed forces, women doctors will redouble their efforts to safeguard the nation's health. Freed from the opposition of a by-gone day, they have marched ahead with giant strides—until today their status is made—is secure. The strongest proof that the practice of medicine is in harmony with the intrinsic character of women is that the Church exhorts religious women—the object of her special solicitude—to make the science of medicine the handmaid of charity.

To the Christian women of ancient Greece and Rome, to a Radegunde, a Hildegard and a Trotula of the Middle Ages, to the pioneers of the 1800's—medicine was the expression "in very deed" of that charity which sees and serves Christ in the "lame, the halt, and the blind." Today — they inspire "women in medicine" to hold high their ideals—to serve with mind and heart and strength in that spirit of charity—a spirit that shall not fail.

St. Martin
of Tours
GAVE
his cloak
to a beggar.
He saw
CHRIST
in him.

Soldier
of Christ.
pray for us—
help us
to see
CHRIST
in ALL MEN
as you did.

Sister Alma Julia, at the microscope, has the results of the "blood typing" all ready for Sister Alma Lalinsky, M.D.

Transfusion

by

SISTER M. ALMA LALINSKY, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"Only a transfusion will save her now."

Such was the news I had to break to the distressed family of the patient we had just admitted. And I was not addressing merely two or three close relatives either. There seemed to be a regular battalion of them — husband, sons, brothers, sons-in-law, brothers-in-law, uncles, and cousins two and three times removed— for this patient was a well-to-do, popular member of a prolific family. She had been examined by me in the dispensary that very morning; I had warned her what would happen if she were not admitted "ek dum" (at once)! Heedlessly she insisted on going back home because her children had need of her. Here was the result six hours later—she was practically bloodless.

"She will be given a transfusion just as soon as a suitable donor is found. I am sure that any one of you would be only too glad to give her some of your blood to save her life. The blood-matching will show which of you are suitable."

Aquiescence? It was not so easy! In fact, it merely precipitated a not altogether unexpected volley of protests. Blood transfusions to some of the natives is something very new, and one cannot blame them if it is a hurdle they cannot easily negotiate.

"Do you mean you want to take **our** blood — **my** blood?" one gasped.

"Yes, it is the very thing she needs."

"But are you sure it is necessary? We can provide you with any kind of an expensive injection—but blood!" gulped another. A visible shudder passed over the battalion.

"It is essential to replace the lost blood immediately."

"How much will you give her?"

"A pint."

"But that is half a seer. That amount will surely render us bloodless. I would certainly die if you took that much from **me**."

"On the contrary, you would never even miss a pint. You look so strong and healthy."

"Yes, you say we all **look** strong and healthy—but you should not judge us by our looks, which may deceive. Many of us are under a doctor's care."

"Of course we do not give diseased blood. A blood test will show that. Many of you husky men would actually feel better if you gave her a pint of blood."

"Madam, how can you say such a thing? I am very much worried about her, but I have palpitation of the heart, and I am too weak. How can I give her any?" And so it went on and on . . .

Not to be labelled cowards, three of them finally assented to the preliminary testing. They were stalwart specimens of Indian manhood and made a noble effort despite the lumps in their throats and the weakness in their knees. Believe it or not—all three of them were suitable. Now who would be the magnanimous one? No volunteer was forthcoming. They pleaded for a few minute's grace to talk things over. The battalion went into a "huddle" in the front compound. Yes, they had decided who was to be the donor. Would we please be kind enough to provide someone of our own choosing? They would gladly pay all the necessary fees!

In the emergency one of our own sisters gave her blood. With a pint of good American blood coursing through her veins this unfortunate daughter of India rallied, and we all thought she would "make the grade." A few days later however, an old dysentery infection got the better of her, and she succumbed despite all our efforts to the contrary.

Three weeks later the mother of one of the members of that battalion was admitted to the hospital with sciatica. Her son came to me and asked quite seriously if I thought a transfusion would be of any use. He would give the blood!

According to Hindu philosophy the six blessings of the world of mankind are—an abundance of earthly goods, lasting health, a beloved, sweet-spoken wife, an obedient son, and knowledge that fulfills its end.

R. I. P.

Recently we received word from the Superior General of Mill Hill that Rt. Rev. Monsignor Wagner, former Prefect Apostolic of Kashmir and Kafristan, died in Holland. As a young Mill Hill priest Msgr. Wagner was assigned to the most northern prefecture apostolic of India—where there were hardly any Indian Catholics. The region is predominantly Mohammedan. After twenty-six years of labor there, he could say that he had never seen the face of a Mohammedan woman — as many never left their homes and others, when they did, were veiled from head to foot. The fact that they were totally inaccessible to the missionary efforts of men led him, when he had become Prefect Apostolic, to plan the establishment of a hospital for women and children in Rawalpindi — where the women could be treated in all their medical needs exclusively by women, as their religious laws and customs demanded.

MONSIGNOR WAGNER

Providence seconded his designs by putting him in contact with Dr. Agnes McLaren, a zealous Scotch convert. With combined efforts not only the hospital became a realization—but it also became the cradle of our Society.

Msgr. Wagner, owing to ill health, retired many years ago and lived in seclusion, so to say, in his native Holland. I had the happiness of visiting him several times and hearing from his own lips that even if he had done nothing else in his life than start the hospital in Rawalpindi — he would feel that his life was not wasted. He called himself our grandfather—and as that we shall always remember him with gratitude and love. With our grandfather and our grandmother, Dr. Agnes McLaren, gone to their reward now, we have powerful friends among the members of the Church Triumphant.

—Anna Dengel, S.C.M.M., M.D.

(Continued from page 134)

—I asked ignorantly.

"To keep out the jackals," was the reply. I forgot about the jackals, which is another reason why the brick coffins are so nice.

Now to come back to our own funerals—my own for instance. Getting the coffin made seems to be the biggest delay. First the carpenter must be called, and he measures you up. If you are really lucky, the coffin will be ready in three or four hours. If you die in the morning, you may be all ready for an afternoon burial. If you die in the evening things probably will not be ready until morning, which is not so desirable when the weather is hot. Here they do not bury people from the church as we do in the United States. The body is buried first, very hurriedly, and the funeral Mass is entirely separate.

And where to be buried—that is another question. There is a European cemetery in the Cantonment with a Catholic section which is quite nice. But the loveliest cemetery I ever came across is the European Military Cemetery in Murree. It is tucked away in the side of a mountain, a couple of thousand feet below the mountain top on which the town is built, and a couple of thousand feet above the valley. You can lean over the precipice and look down on it. To reach it by a decent path is a four-mile hike zigzag around the mountain. If the walk is too much, you can hire a donkey, but bicycles are not allowed. They are too dangerous—I suspect. Once down there (I have made the hike several times.) you are in a frame of pine forests, looking across the valley to another pine-clad mountain—really too beautiful and peaceful for words.

Death, like the weather, is something to talk about—but there is very little we can do about it, except to be prepared for it when it comes. Whether in winter or summer, whether slow or sudden, whether in the hills or on the plains—for us, we hope, it will always be a "happy death" with a Franciscan welcome.

Nursery On Display

"What is that? What is making that terrific noise? Where in the world does it come from?"

With all these questions and many more on their lips a curious crowd quickly gathered at the hospital gate as the sterilizer blew off its twenty-five pounds of steam—a strange noise for this section of the native bazaar. While all this discussion was going on, one of the men suddenly spied the babies—"Just look at all the babies together! I wonder if they are all sick?"

Every evening after five o'clock, when the sun has gone down, the babies who are not too ill are put on the grass, and here curious passers-by, as well as relatives of the indoor patients, gather to watch the babies and especially to see them fed—for all Indians love children.

Anise Khatum, eleven months, but just able to toddle, always enjoys an audience. Immediately she starts her capers—taking a few steps, gleefully falling down and then bouncing up like a rubber ball—only to try a few more steps and fall flat on her nose again.

"Who is that little boy? He is from my country; I know by his face." Yusuf, thin and pale from weeks of sickness, displays an enormous grin which reaches from ear to ear. It is always provoked by the slightest sign of attention —much to the delight of the men, who by this time are squatting all around. India is made up of so many different types of people, all with different characteristics, that each refers to his particular section as "my country."

"What is that little baby eating? She should be drinking milk. Surely she will choke on that food!" Fat, chubby Patricia is heartily enjoying her "sujee" and mashed banana. ("Sujee" is similar to our "cream of wheat" and is both cheap and nourishing.) The Indian nurse, sitting cross-legged on the "durrie," (small cotton rug) is making valiant attempts to feed the little mite during those intervals when she is not squirming or turning around. That a baby should be given solid food seems quite unusual to the onlookers—for in India it is not considered "the thing" to feed babies soft or solid food at such an early age.

"Oh my, what has happened to this baby? Will she live? She is so thin I think she will not live long." Little five-month old Lachmi is a pitiful contrast to chubby Patricia. When her old grandfather brought her to us she was suffering from a very severe infection, and her emaciated little body was all covered with sores. Now, with her head all bandaged up, she looks like a little wooden soldier. Great is the interest and wonderment of our audience when one of the sisters begins to tube-feed her. Sister explains that she is giving the baby milk through the tube, since the baby is far too weak to drink by itself and would die without food.

Suddenly an old woman who looks to be at least a hundred, she is so thin and shriveled up, discovers the tiny twins and exclaims —"Oh look! Are those twins? Do they have a father and a mother? Are they sick?" Much amused at the old woman's interest in two babies, Sister explains that they are only twelve days old. One is a boy and the other a girl. Just that very morning their mother was brought to the hospital suffering from tetanus. "Yes, she is very, very sick," answers the Sister. "And the twins have a father and many brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles as well."

That we should bestow such care on all these little ones—some with no mothers or fathers or abandoned by relatives—always evokes the admiration of these people and inspires in them a trust and confidence. Already we receive many more babies from outlying stations—and St. Joseph, the head of the Holy Family, receives many an urgent request for milk funds, food funds, and medicine funds for his ever-growing little family.

—Sister M. Pauline, S.C.M.M., R.N., Patna

From India . . .

Music in the air . . .

We have been very busy at the St. Francis Dispensary. Last Friday when we came home on our bicycles an Indian band was playing some very familiar melodies—among them the "Merry Widow Waltz." A large funeral procession followed. I could not help wishing that Lehar could see how popular his music is in India—so popular that it is even played at a funeral!

Speaking of bands and music—we were well entertained the other day by a Sikh wedding which was taking place across from the hospital. Last night the handsome bridegroom on a chestnut charger was drawing up the rear of a sizeable procession of Sikh gentlemen with their flowing beards. The band was playing all sorts of tunes—minus a leader. Its repertoire consisted of at least some six or seven different tunes — which is pretty good. But the poorer people can afford only the sort of band which can play only one tune. Often this "one and only" happens to be "The Wearing of the Green"—and then they play this over and over again.

—Sister M. Bernadette, Pindi

Eviction!

I have just been to Bombay for the Trained Nurses' Association of India conference. I went by way of Allahabad and had to change at Moghul Sarai, the next station to Benares. Now I had been told that we would reach Moghul Sarai at five p.m. At about four we pulled into a large station. I opened one eye and said to myself: "Another half an hour." The trains stay for ages in the large stations, so I felt quite secure. About twenty minutes later I had another look and thought my surroundings bore a great resemblance to Moghul Sarai. Just then the whistle blew, but with all the black-outs I could not see the name of the station. I spied a group of policemen in red turbans supporting the wall, and as the train moved I called out: "Yih kiya jagah hai?" (What station is this?) "Moghul Sarai," came the reply.

"Oh," I exclaimed. "I get out here!"

Did those policemen's minds (and feet) move fast! In a flash they were in the compartment—scattering my blankets, shoes, scapular, opened suit-case, water jar, everything, out onto the platform through the doors and windows. I hopped out in a hurry, or I too might have been scattered in the general helpfulness!

—Sister M. Laetitia, Patna

More babies!

I hope that the Holy Childhood will send us the usual donation this year. Right now we have six babies that are ours in the nursery. You can well imagine that they run up tremendous milk and "dhobi" (laundry) bills. How do you like the names? They are William, Gabriel, Thomas, Monica and Julia. The latest arrival—a little six-month old—is still waiting for a name.

A mother had a pair of twins in our hospital the other night, and someone asked if we were going to charge for the second baby! We never charge for new-born babies, but then it was understood that there would be only one baby to a mother. The twin's brothers and sisters come up and take turns holding the bottle for the one whose turn it is to have it. The twelve-year-old boy, Ishmael, says he really wanted a boy, only one, but now since there are two he thinks that he will take both because his nine-year-old sister can take care of the girl. The poor mother does not think the task is going to be so simple, but she just laughs and laughs. Twins are so unusual that she has had heaps of visitors, many of whom do not know her at all.

—Sister Margaret Mary, Pindi

Nine-year-old Miriam is quite adept at being nursemaid for her new baby-sister.

NOVEMBER+

On those chill November afternoons
When the Boy, Jesus, and Joseph
Were out the whole day
Cutting down trees and chopping up wood
To store against the cold
Of the winter's day—
Our Lady would come.
She would bring something good
To refresh them and warm them
And give them new strength—
As they worked at their task
Of chopping up wood.

Help us now

To help the sick—

To build a new 100 bed hospital

For Pindi!

Far, far away in Rawalpindi
We do not fell trees—
Nor is chopping up wood
Our task.
Yet we work—helping and healing the sick—
And for that "new strength"
We must ask.
And so for your dollars and dimes,
For your pennies too,
We appeal.
Each and all—large and small
For us they will be—"new strength"
To help and to heal—
"New strength" for the service of Christ!

Mother Anna Dengel
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your hospital campaign. Enclosed please find $..... to buy bricks for Pindi.

Very sincerely,

.....